

Zephyrs of the Valley

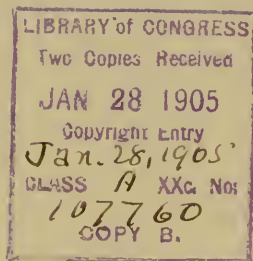
By H. B. GRIGSBY

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Hot Springs, Arkansas...1905



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PREFACE.

I now for the first time in my life, appear before the public as an author of a little book of poems having the title of "Zephyrs of the Valley." I have always possessed a poetical inclination, but never until recently gave poetry any thought. I was born in Bedford County, Virginia, March 29, 1840, so it is plain to all that I am near to the sixty-fifth mile post of life. At the early age of eight years, I could without any mental effort, put into rhyme almost anything that was said in my presence.

From my old native state in the year 1870, I went to West Virginia where I engaged in the occupation of railroading until the latter part of June, 1871. Bidding West Virginia adieu, I arrived in Montgomery City, Missouri about noon on the last day of June, 1871. I lived in the counties of Callaway and Montgomery until May the 5th, 1900, at which time I started for the "Valley of Vapors" (Hot Springs.) My health had become so seriously impaired on account of the hardships and exposure of my past life that my life was not worth living. Now I can assert truthfully that I feel as well and as active and as happy as I did when I was a boy, though my financial condition is by no means enviable. It is needless for me to say that the waters of this famous health resort have wrought the change that has taken place in my health. Here I intend to spend the remainder of my days; here where I can bathe in the crystal waters; here where I can retain my muscular and vital strength; here where I can have elasticity of limbs and vivacity of spirits; here where the angels descend from the ethereal mansions to bathe in the crystal waters and make themselves immaculate. I feel that I cannot be too profuse in my eulogy of this great health resort that is a panacea for so many ills that flesh and blood are heir to. Now in conclusion I wish to say that I hope my poems will be accorded all of the merit they possess if they have any and the well wishes of one who who came here an invalid will ever be with the people here.

Sincerely yours,

H. B. GRIGSBY.

THE TWO SWEETHEARTS

I have two lovers on my string,
I don't know which to take.

The name of one is Alice King,
The other is Alice Lake.

Alice King has a diamond ring,
And so has Alice Lake.

Both of the girls are of perfect form,
But I don't know which to take.

The beauty of both can't be excelled,
No fairer maids I see.

One was raised in Alabam,
The other in Tennessee.

Could I decide within my mind,
Which one I loved the best.

Then a problem would be solved,
That causes much unrest.

When dreamy slumbers cross my mind,
Throughout the silent night,
I hear them speak in accents sweet,
All to my heart's delight.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 1, 1904.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

Here I sit in my lonely house,
 Watching the movements of a mouse.
I look around but do not see
 A charming woman to smile at me.

I arise in the morn to get my meal,
 Though very badly I may feel.
I look around but do not see
 A lovely woman to cook for me.

And when the meal is quickly past,
 And the dishes must be washed at last.
I look around but do not see
 A lovely woman to wash for me.

Then the churning must be done,
 Before the battle has been won.
I look around but do not see
 A lovely woman to churn for me,

Then for a button on my vest,
 I'll sew it on or do my best.
I look around but do not see
 A lovely woman to sew for me.

Oh! it is a burning shame,
 But only am I for it to blame;
That I have led this lonely life,
 With no fair woman for a wife.

THE REUNITED LOVERS

Kitty Clyde was a beautiful bride,
No fairer one was ever seen,
She lived upon the mountain side,
In a house of red and green.

Kitty married Francis Long,
Her love for him was very strong;
She hoped that he might never err,
Though plain he did !'ll show you here.

One day they had a little spat,
She said this and he said that,
He packed his trunk and went away,
To the town of Sanoza.

A pang of grief went to his heart,
The tears went streaming from his eyes,
As he thought of Kitty dear,
Who'd made for him such splendid pies.

He did resolve in a time quite brief,
To tell her of his killing grief;
He wrote to her and spoke his love,
He called her his darling dove.

His letter went spinning through the mail,
And soon it reached Kitty dear.
And it was read with deepest joy,
And she wrote to him, Oh, come back here.

When the letter he did get,
In a brief time he took the train,
And soon he reached his Kitty dear,
And they were happy once again.

By H. B GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 31, 1904.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE VALLEY

I stood upon West mountain,
And viewed the valley below;
It was the middle of winter,
But I could see no snow.

The electric cars were running,
Both up and down the valley;
The pins were being knocked,
Down at the Bowling alley.

There was music at the Arlington,
The crowd was gay and merry;
There were handsome ladies,
Whose cheeks were like the cherry.

There were people on the sidewalk,
Some were drinking at the fountain;
Others were in the hacks,
To start around the mountain.

My attention was then diverted,
Towards the bathhouse row;
And I saw a lady and gentleman,
Who were sweetheart and beau.

There were soldiers at hospitals,
Some of whom were ill;
I thought I saw a soldier,
Swallowing down a pill'

There were men at the pool rooms,
Who had played the races;
Some had lost their money,
I saw it on their faces.

There were people at the bath houses,
Who were there in search of health.
While other people with money,
Had come to spend their wealth.

There were people at the restaurants,
Enjoying luscious meals;
To which they paid three nickels,
And all got honest deals.

This is the grandest city,
That ever I did see;
Of course, some people don't like it,
But it's good enough for me.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.
Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 19, 1904.

LUCY BROWN

I loved a girl in New Orleans,
Her name was Lucy Brown;
Her eyes were as the diamonds bright,
She wore a light silk gown.

I bowed before her potent charms,
I worshipped at her shrine;
She always spoke in accents sweet,
Her presence was divine.

I asked her if she'd be my bride—
She answered with a smile;
Said she, "I'd like to think on that,
Oh, just a little while."

I waited long—her answer came,
She gently answered no;
Said she, "I'll have to give you up—
I have another beau."

A pang of grief pervades my heart,
I don't know what to say—
But give her up and let her go,
And I go far away.

There are many girls in New Orleans,
It is a great big town;
But none there is so sweet and fair
As dearest Lucy Brown.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.
Hot Springs, Oct. 19, 1904.

THE OSTRICH FARM

Persons coming to the Valley of Vapors,
Should visit the Ostrich farm,
And see those large gigantic birds,
That have the power to harm.

You take the Whittington avenue cars,
And soon you are on the ground,
Where those large and muscular birds
Stand so thickly around.

Black Diamond is the chief of all,
His strength is very great,
He pulls the plow with perfect ease,
But I do not know his weight.

Don't get too close to his great heels,
So as to get a kick,
I'm told that he could break your arm
With but a single lick.

ALL OVER

Democratic money went to the wind,
Parker and Davis both got skinned,
Send them to the woods and give them the
hounds,
A little bit of hunting may heal up their
wounds.

Wash up your faces and dry up your tears,
Brace up your spirits and live on for years;
It is as plain as the nose on your face—
That Parker and Davis were not in the race.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Nov. 10, 1904.

DEAR LIZA JANE

Liza Jane and I,
Were little tots together;
I loved her as a sister,
She loved me as a brother.

Time went spinning by;
Soon we both grew older;
Our love was still increasing,
Instead of growing colder.

Our love did also change;
It should not be a wonder;
She loved me to distraction;
I loved her to beat thunder.

I asked her if she'd have me;
She answered with a shudder;
Said she, "I'm very young,
You'd better ask my mudder,"

I went and asked her mudder:
And this was her reply:
"Get out Jimmy Johnson!
If you don't wish to die."

I took her at her warning;
And hopped upon the train,
And bade good bye forever,
To dearest Liza Jane.

Oh! fate is very cruel;
The tears run eown my cheeks;
I haven't heard from Liza,
For seven hundred weeks.

By H. B. GRIGSBY
Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 15, 1904.

JESSIE BLUE

Jessie Blue was good and true,
Was good to me and good to you,
Was good to every boy and girl,
Jessie was a precious girl.

When we were small, we played together,
We did not stop for rainy weather,
We played upon the hill and lawn,
from early morn till latest dawn.

When I got older I loved her better,
At once I wrote her a loving letter,
In my letter I plainly said,
I loved her so I was almost dead.

Soon I got a kind reply,
Said she for you I'd almost die.
I read the letter and then I knew,
That I was loved by Jessie Blue.

But cruel fate had so decreed,
That I must leave my dear indeed,
And travel to a distant land,
In answer to a death's command.

A tear of grief rolled down my cheek,
As I bade good bye to one so meek,
A pang of grief did thrill me through,
As I bade adieu to Jessie Blue.

One day a letter came with a blackened
reel,
And oh, so sad it made me feel.
I read the letter and then I knew,
That I had lost dear Jessie Blue.

HAPPY HOLLOW

Ladies and gentlemen, come listen to me,
I'll tell you of a show that is free
From early morn until late in the day,
And not a cent have you to pay.

Up into Happy Hollow you go,
From whence the healing waters flow.
Of famous Happy Hollow springs
That have accomplished many things.

The waters of the springs are not alike,
But both are as good as there is on the pike.
You drink the waters with perfect ease,
And find them death to deep disease.

Now we meet with Mr. McLeod.
He is so plain, he is not proud;
He will for you your picture take;
It will be good and not a fake.

Now we come to the graphaphones.
We listen to their charming tones
From early morn till close of day,
And not a cent have you to pay.

Now we come to the animals' cage,
All are quiet, none in a rage.
The wolf goes up and down his beat,
And only howls to get his meat.

The bear rests quietly in his cage.
He has the look of a beastly sage,
But if his keeper should turn him loose,
In a brief time he'd cook your goose.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 2, 1904.

A R E V E R I E

Brilliant orbs bedeck the sky,

The moon gives forth her silvery light,
To this planet here below,

Where alternate the day and night.

The sun sits on his stately throne,

Some ninety million miles away;
His brilliant face dispels the night,
And gives to us the happy day.

The wind comes up with vengeance great,
It lifts aloft the mighty waves;

The ship goes down with human freight,
And people sink to watery graves.

The frost comes forth with stealth at night,

And while the gardener is asleep,
It bites his peas and beans and corn,
And causes him to sigh and weep.

The drouth comes as a mighty sword,
It sweeps the verdure from the land;

The farmer's labor comes to naught,
And scarcity causes a great demand.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 19, 1904.

BONNIE JEAN

Bonnie Jean was a lovely girl
Of seventeen summer's old;
Her eyes were blue, her voice sweet,
Her virtues were untold.

I hoped ere long she'd be my bride,
But fate had so decreed,
That Bonnie Jean must shortly die.
Oh! that was sad indeed.

One day a stranger came in haste,
And in excitement said:
That Bonnie Jean was very ill,
And soon she would be dead.

I hastened to her dying bed,
And found her pale and weak,
I clasped her hand within my own,
And I kissed her on her cheek.

A few sad moments flitted by,
And her spirit went away,
And the animate form of Bonnie Jean,
Was then a lump of clay.

Appalling grief assails my heart,
For dearest Bonnie Jean.
She was the fairest of the fair,
The fairest I've ever seen.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 19, 1904,

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

Gaily I walk the path of life,

No trouble bothers me.

I ask no maid to be my wife,

Though many a one I see.

I take no trouble to my heart.

I can't kick off at my heels.

My appetite is generally good,

I really enjoy my meals.

Sometimes I meet the pretty girls,

And talk to them a while.

I like to view their pretty curls,

And see them sweetly smile.

But quickly as the scene is past,

I think of them no more.

I jump into my pine canoe

And seek another shore.

Life is joy and it's sadness too,

As we are pleased to make it.

With varied scenes both old and new.

Life is what we make it.

THE SEVEN WIDOWS.

I am the widow's lover, and I sing the widow's praise,
And I courted seven widows for seven weeks and days.
But never did a widow whisper in my ear,
And say I'll be your darling and you shall be my dear,
I treated them to candy and we skated on the ice,
And we all went down a fishing and spent the time so nice
But never did a widow whisper in my ear,
And say I'll be your darling and you shall be my dear.
They were pretty widows, their eyes were black or blue,
Though some were slightly wrinkled, others looked quite
new.
But never did a widow whisper in my ear,
And say I'll be your darling and you shall be my dear.
I crossed Niagara river, 't was just about the falls,
And there I met the widows all neatly wrapped in shawls.
But never did a widow whisper in my ear,
And say I'll be your darling and you shall be my dear.
I went up to Chicago to see the mighty fair,
And just as I got landed I met the widows there.
But never did a widow whisper in my ear,
And say I'll be your darling and you shall be my dear.
I took them to the churches to hear the organs play;
While the minister was a preaching and hammering away.
But never did a widow whisper in my ear,
And say I'll be your darling and you shall be my dear.

By H. B. GRIGSBY.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 19, 1904.

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